NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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INNOCENCE.

For the 'Messenger.'

TWO PICTURES.

'Twas on a time once, not so long ago,
A painter lived, who loved the little children.
And nothing that he saw in all the world
Seemed fairer than their faces, chubby, sweet and frank.
It stirred the fire of genius in his soul,
To paint, with worthy touch, the loveliest he could find.
He made the picture; and he called it 'Innocence.'
They hung it gladly 'mid choicest works of art.
It made men think that Innocence had highest worth.
'Mid rush for gold, and hollowness of vanity,
'Mid whited sepuchres of all the world's hypocrisies,
'Mid talents glittering, and empty flatteries,
Men looked upon the face that hid no secrets.
They felt a calm steal o'er their life for one short hour.
A breeze from some mysterious shore blew o'er the fever
That burned their life so tired with plots and competition,
They wished that men might have the spirit of a child.
The years fled on. The painter saw that some who looked,
Passed on with spirits far from like a child.
They were not drawn by beauty—he would warning give.
A picture he would paint with hardened face and eye,
The mark that sin would brand upon the worldling's brow.
He sought the prison and selected there a face,
That darkest was and meanest; most unlike the child
That once, a score of years ago, he knew and loved.
He found it; and he begged the chance to paint it there,
And as the lines on canvas grew, with saddening heart
He questioned from the man the story of his crime.
A deed of deepest guilt was his—I need not tell.
'But what,' the painter asked, 'provoked the crime, poor man,'
'Twas chums and drink that led at last to mad despair.
I was not always so,' he said, 'for, when a boy,
A painter, sir, perhaps 'twas you, drew with his brush
This face, and called it "Innocence," and so it was.
But envy, passion, selfishness and greed of gain
Have marred those childlike lines of purity and grace.
'I'd give a thousand worlds to be a child again.'
Alas, 'twas true, that innocence, most winsome fair,
Could hideous grow; and years alone can not preserve
A beauty dropped by God within this sinful world.
And now the picture hangs beside the childlike one,
And 'Innocence' and 'Crime' their stories ever tell.
'Tis only touch of Christ has alchemy divine,
Who once the whitened flesh of leper lightly touched,
And soon it came to be like flesh of little child.
And sinners dyed with deepest stain can whitened be.

E. M. HILL.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

['What I Live For' was written by my father, the late Mr. G. Linnaeus Banks, many years ago, and has been copied in many papers—not only here, but in America and Australia—rarely, however, with the author's name.—Agnes J. Raymond in 'Great Thoughts.']

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

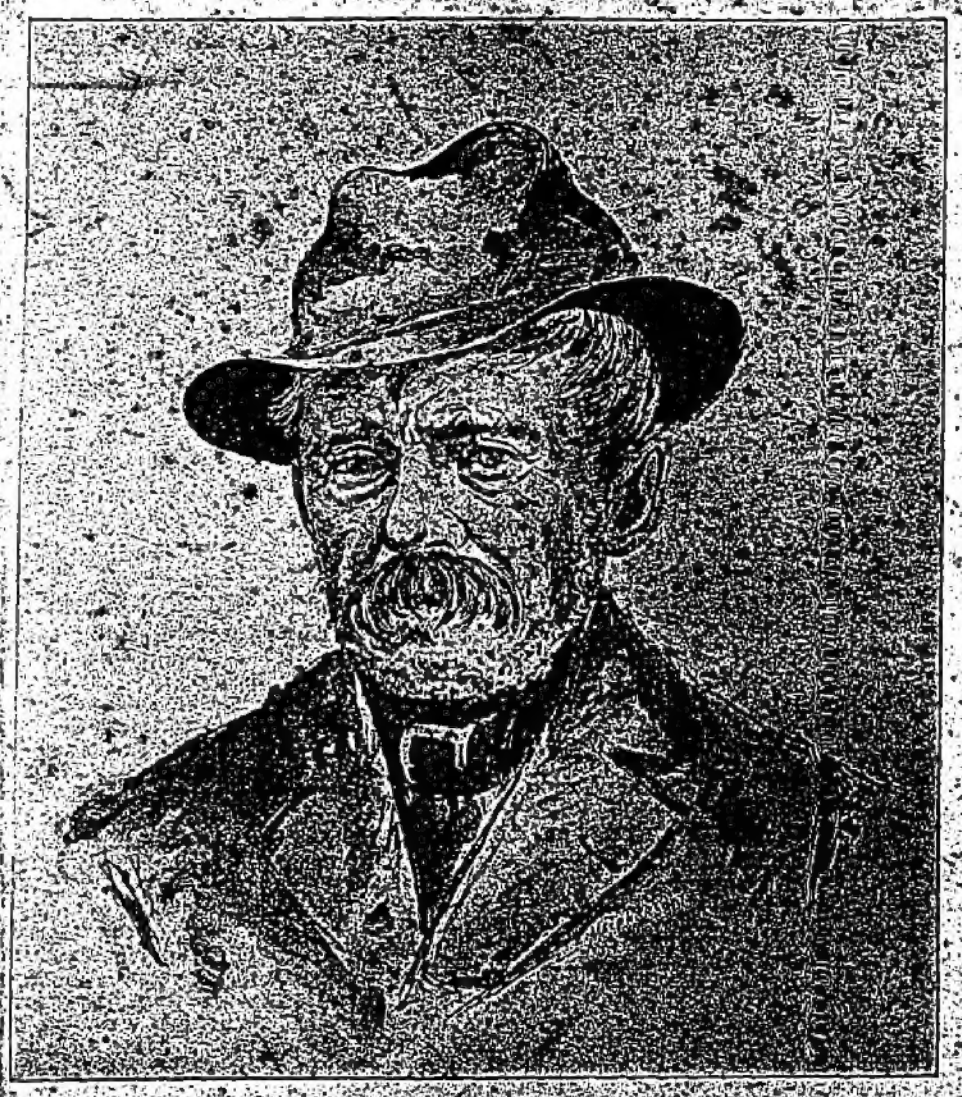
I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine:
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold,
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

George Linnaeus Banks.



CRIME.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON XXXI.—Further Effects of Tobacco.

1. What did you learn in the last lesson of the effects of tobacco?

That it poisons the blood and through it all the organs of the body.

2. Does it produce many positive diseases?

Yes. Dr. Shaw, a celebrated physician, counts eighty diseases produced by the use of tobacco.

3. Can you mention any of them?

Paralysis is often caused in this way. The soothing power of the poison means the destroying of strength, and the nerves, robbed of their power, finally become perfectly dead.

4. Have you ever heard of such a case?

Many cases are recorded by physicians. One is described as a progressive paralysis. First sight was lost; then speech; next motion of the neck, and then of the arms, and so on through the body. For a week before death the poor man was unable to move or to communicate what he wished to his friends, though he was perfectly conscious and terribly anxious to tell them his thoughts.

5. How does tobacco affect the memory.

It destroys the memory. Many cases are on record in which educated men have lost nearly all the knowledge gained by years of study. Some of these men have been brave enough to give up the cause of their trouble, when they have gradually regained their power of mind and memory.

6. What other diseases have you heard of as caused by tobacco?

Epilepsy is another, in which the sufferer has terrible convulsions. A boy of fifteen was subject to this trouble. Finally his parents discovered that he was using tobacco and kept it from him, and he recovered from his disease.

7. How does tobacco affect all the work of the brain?

Tobacco destroys the brain power. Nearly all old tobacco-users are stupid and half-idiotic, with wretched memory and unable to do anything bright and clear.

8. Does tobacco ever produce insanity?

Yes, many times. Such cases are sometimes mentioned in the papers, and many are recorded in medical journals. Sometimes even delirium tremens results from the excessive use of tobacco.

9. What other horrible disease did we mention in the last lesson as caused by tobacco?

Cancers are very often caused in this way, and may be on the face, the lips; the tongue or the throat.

10. How are these great sores produced?

By the constant irritation of the surface by the poison of the tobacco. Chewers often have cancer of the tongue, that side of the tongue being affected against which the tobacco is constantly held.

11. What do you know about cancers of the lips?

A medical journal some years ago mentioned 127 cancers cut from the lips of patients, nearly all of whom were smokers. Sometimes the whole lower jaw has to be cut away to arrest the disease.

12. Do these diseases cause great suffering?

Yes, indeed. The suffering is too great to be endured.

13. Do tobacco-users easily recover from ordinary diseases?

No; their poisoned systems cannot resist disease. Mild cases of typhoid fever are often fatal to the tobacco-user. Slight wounds fail to heal, and in case of epidemics of any kind the tobacco-user is almost sure to become a victim.

14. Why is this?

Because the whole body is full of poison.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

The present lesson will be full of interest to the children if carefully taught. Explain all the unfamiliar words, and draw out from the children their own knowledge concerning the topic, and be careful so to impress the lesson that they may never forget its awful warnings. Dr. Edward P. Thwing's little pamphlet, 'Facts about Tobacco,' will be found exceedingly helpful for further truths and illustrations.

TOO OLD FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

As it is the tendency on the part of a large number of boys and girls, when they reach the age of fifteen years, to feel too old to go to Sunday-school, we must cease calling the school the 'nursery' of the church, and substitute for it 'the Christian Church engaged in studying the Holy Scriptures,' for not till then will these growing young people be held in the school.—'Morning Star.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON XI.—March 15, 1896.

Luke 11: 1-13.

TEACHING ABOUT PRAYER.

Commit to memory vs. 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke 11: 9.

THE LESSON STORY.

The little prayer that Jesus taught his disciples is so short and simple that children can learn it and understand its beautiful meaning. Jesus loved to pray alone, and one day when he came down from a quiet hillside after praying, some of the disciples asked him to teach them to pray, as John the Baptist taught his disciples.

Nearly two years before Jesus gave the disciples a short prayer to use. But the Pharisees used very long prayers and liked to pray where they could be seen and heard. They had a prayer for every hour in the day, and perhaps the disciples thought they ought to have long prayers too.

But Jesus gave them again the same short simple prayer that he had given them before in Galilee. Have you counted the words in it? Have you thought how many people say it every day in all parts of the world? Let us look at this wonderful prayer and see why it is so dear to hearts everywhere. In it we call God our Father and ask him to let us help to bring heaven down to earth. We only ask one gift for ourselves, food to eat each day, and we ask to be forgiven our wrong-doings as we forgive those who do wrong by us.

Then Jesus taught a parable about praying, to show that we must be earnest, and he gave a beautiful promise about God's willingness to give us what we ask.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 11: 1-13, Teaching about Prayer
T. Luke 11: 14-26, The Blasphemy of the Pharisees.
W. Luke 11: 27-36, Warning the Pharisees.
Th. Luke 11: 37-54, Denouncing the Pharisees.
F. Gen. 32: 24-32, A Prevailing Prayer.
S. Acts 12: 1-17, The Prison Opened by Prayer.
S. James 5: 13-20, The Power of Fervent Prayer.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Teaching by Example. vs. 1-4.
II. Teaching by Parables. vs. 5-8.
III. Teaching by Illustrations vs. 9-13.

Time.—A.D. 29; shortly after the last lesson.

Place.—Perea; Jesus on the way to Jerusalem.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

It was shortly after Jesus had spoken the parable of the Good Samaritan. He had been praying privately as was his wont. When he had finished, one of his disciples asked him to teach them to pray, as John the Baptist had taught his disciples. In response Jesus taught them what is known as 'The Lord's Prayer.' Compare Matt. 6: 9-13. At the same time he taught by forcible illustrations the duty of importunate, believing prayer. Monday's Reading. In Tuesday's, Wednesday's and Thursday's Readings is shown the bitter enmity of the Pharisees towards Jesus. His terrible denunciations of their hypocrisy are also given. The examples of prevailing prayer found in Friday's and Saturday's Readings, and the plain teachings on the subject in Sunday's Reading, should be carefully considered. Look up other similar examples and teachings, for instance, Luke 18: 1-4. In Rom. 8: 26, 27, we learn who teacheth us how to pray acceptably.

QUESTIONS.

What is prayer? What rule hath God given for our direction in prayer? What did one of Jesus's disciples request? What did Jesus teach them? Where else is this prayer recorded? Repeat the Lord's Prayer as there given. By what parable did Jesus teach his disciples how to pray? What reception did the prayer in the parable receive? What assurance is here given as to the result of persevering in prayer? What command did Jesus give about prayer? v. 9. What promise is made to those who thus pray? How did Jesus illustrate God's willingness to answer prayer?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. When we do our duty others are influenced.
2. We ought to learn how to pray, that we may get blessings from God.
3. We may bring to God in prayer all our needs and desires.
4. We should pray earnestly and importunately.
5. We should pray to God as his children, sure of his love.

ILLUSTRATION.

Appreciate the power of silent influence. The devotion of Jesus influenced the disciples. They said, 'Lord, teach us to pray.' V. 1. We influence others most when we are unconscious of it. And the record of our lives on the hearts of those about us or on the printed page may help others long after we have gone to our reward. 'It was the memory of my mother's last prayer before I went away that kept me from falling into sin in the army,' an officer said when asked how he had retained his integrity against such fierce temptation. A thoughtful girl of sixteen, living so far from the church that attendance was irregular, read one Lord's day the memoir of a Christian woman. Closing the volume, she said to herself, 'That was a beautiful life.' After a little she thought, 'And I should like to live such a life.' A few minutes later, she kneeled down and said, 'Lord, I will try from this time.' The decision was made. Her life grew to be as beautiful as the life of the one who had inspired her resolution.

Think of God as your Father. Vs. 2, 11, 13. If you are born of God and are his child, always go to him as a Father who sympathizes with you, not as a schoolmaster who delights to discipline you, or a task-master who enjoys imposing burdens upon you, or as a censor who has only harsh criticism for all you do. Mark Guy Pearse heard one of his little ones say to the youngest in a threatening tone, 'You must be good, you know, or father won't love you.' He called his child to him and said gravely and kindly, 'Do you know what you have said? It is not true, my boy, not a bit true.' 'Isn't it?' asked the little one, doubtfully. 'No,' said the parent, 'it's far away from the truth.' 'But you won't love us if we are not good, will you?' he questioned, surprised. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'I can't help loving you. I shall love you forever and forever, because I cannot help it. When you are good I love you with a love that makes me glad; and when you are not good I love you with a love that hurts me; but I can't help loving you, because I am your father, you know.—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

LESSON XII.—March 22, 1896.

Luke 12: 37-48.

FAITHFUL AND UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.

Commit to memory vs. 37, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5: 18.

THE LESSON STORY.

One of the ways in which Jesus taught was to tell short stories which meant something good and true. Sitting outside a village of Galilee one day, in the shade of a great tree, he talked in this way to the crowd of people that came to hear. One of his stories was about servants, and as many of this class were listening they understood him easily.

He told them to be like the good servants who watched for their master and were ready to open the door to him as soon as he came from the feast. A good servant will not grow weary, but will watch patiently until the master comes. And so Jesus bade them watch for his own coming again, because he should come at a time when they did not expect him.

Peter asked if this story was meant for all the people, and Jesus told another story which showed that he meant everybody. He said that a good servant was sometimes put in charge of the master's house. If he was faithful the master would be pleased and reward him. But if he grew careless and began to eat and drink and be drunken, then the master would be angry and punish the bad servant. Jesus said, too, that the servant who knew what was right and yet did wrong would be punished more severely than the one who was ignorant and foolish.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 12: 1-12, Faithful Discipleship Encouraged.
T. Luke 12: 13-21, The Rich Man's Folly.
W. Luke 12: 22-36, Our Heavenly Father's Care.
Th. Luke 12: 37-48, Faithful and Unfaithful Servants.
F. Luke 12: 49-59, Persecution Foretold.
S. Eph. 5: 1-21, Be not drunk with wine.
S. Rev. 3: 1-22, Rewards of Vigilance.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The Duty of Being Always Ready. vs. 37-40.
II. The Blessing of Being Found Faithful. vs. 41-44.
III. The Penalty of Unfaithfulness. vs. 45-48.

Time.—A.D. 29, December.

Place.—In Perea on Jesus's journey to Jerusalem.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

While in Perea, on his way to Jerusalem, Jesus dined with a Pharisee. Last Thursday's Reading. His denunciations of the Pharisees on this occasion enraged them. They vehemently cross-questioned him, hoping to find cause for his arrest. A crowd had gathered, and in their hearing he warned his disciples against the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, and encouraged them to fidelity. Monday's Reading. Then followed the discourse given in Tuesday's to Friday's Readings inclusive. Compare to-day's lesson (Thursday's Reading) with Matt. 24: 42-51, which is part of Jesus's address on the Mount of Olives some four months later. From Saturday's Reading we learn what is true temperance, and how to live as faithful servants. In the Reading for Sunday the rewards of fidelity and vigilance are described.

QUESTIONS.

Of what is to-day's lesson a part? Whom did Jesus pronounce blessed? How will watchful servants be treated? How is their fidelity described in verse 38? How did Jesus illustrate the importance of watching? What warning did he give his disciples? What is meant by being ready? Why should we be always ready? What has temperance to do with watchfulness and being ready? Whom does the faithful and wise steward represent? What is his reward? What will an unfaithful servant say in his heart? How will he act? How are unfaithfulness and intemperance associated in verse 45? What shall be done to the servant who is knowingly unfaithful? To the ignorant servant?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We are all Christ's servants set to watch till he returns.
2. The time of Christ's sudden coming no one knows.
3. To be sure of being ready we must be always ready.
4. True watching is faithfulness in all duties.
5. There will be a reward for all who are found faithful.
6. Those found unfaithful must suffer sore penalties.

ILLUSTRATION.

'Mary is dying, and wishes to see you immediately,' said a fond father to me, as I entered his home. I followed the weeping father to the room, where his darling child was struggling with disease. In a tone that startled everyone in the room, she exclaimed: 'Oh, Mr. B——, I am dying, and what will become of my soul?' I took her cold and clammy hand, and pointed her to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. She heard me with fixed attention. 'Oh,' said she in reply, 'these things and the eternal world are so dark to me.' I prayed with her, but she sank into unconsciousness, and I saw her no more. Mary was the child of pious parents, and was instructed in the truth; but her heart was wild and wayward, and she put far from her all serious things. She intended to be a Christian some time, but death came suddenly, and she found herself all unprepared. Thick darkness gathered around her soul, and she seemed plunging into an eternal night.—Family Treasury.

Richard Knill was one day talking to some military officers in Madras, when one of them asked 'What do you missionaries mean? Do you think that poor black fellow will be damned?' 'I hope not,' replied Knill, 'but if he is, I think his punishment will be very light compared with yours if you neglect God.' The words so struck home to his heart that the officer lifted up his hands, and said, 'I believe it, I have long thought so.'—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A BIT OF WORLDLY CHEER.

'Going to church, mother ?'

'No, my son ; I don't think I'll go out to-day.'

'You don't go out much lately, do you ?'

'Well, no, I don't. There's a good deal of rheumatism in my limbs, and I think, perhaps, I'm full as well off in the house.'

'Mother does not seem to have much ambition as to going out,' Mr. Baxter said to his wife, as they started on their walk to church. 'I rather hate to feel she is breaking up.'

'Well, *I do, too,*' said Mrs. Baxter ; 'but when old people begin to lose ambition they soon lose strength with it.'

Mr. Baxter said *no* more, nor did his wife, yet there was a serious expression on the man's face, and Mrs. Baxter did not feel quite satisfied. She had been a good woman, and a kind, considerate mother-in-law, this rheumatic mother, of whom they had just spoken. When Mrs. Baxter began housekeeping, it was in the house belonging to her husband's mother. Gradually it had come into her husband's hands, as the mother could pay neither taxes nor the other constantly occurring expenses of keeping a house in proper condition. A home the old lady always would have, and it was meant she should have all needed kindly consideration beside.

The sermon that morning had a text which the minister said might be found either in Genesis xviii., 5, or in Colossians iv., 8 : 'Comfort ye your hearts ;' 'And comfort your hearts.' Then he went on to say that he believed it a stern Christian duty to comfort hearts in this world, both our own and others'. And the necessity of receiving comfort to the very end of life, in things both spiritual and temporal, was conclusively shown.

On the way home from church Mr. Baxter said to his wife : 'You know, wife, I very seldom make remarks on anyone's garb, especially after coming from church, but *did not* old Mrs. Prince look terribly shabby about the bonnet, somehow ?'

Mrs. Baxter burst into several little ripples of laughter. 'Yes,' she said, 'The fact is the old lady begins her fourth year's wear of the same winter bonnet, donning it in the fall.'

Mr. Baxter was swishing fallen leaves aside with his cane as he walked. 'I should think Prince would be ashamed to let his fine-looking old mother go looking like that,' he said. 'And see the spikes and flower beds his girls were sporting on their heads !'

'Well, perhaps the old lady does not care,' said Mrs. Baxter, 'but she certainly did look "terribly shabby about the head !" ' and her voice still betrayed her amusement. All at once she sobered completely. During the sermon she had asked herself with genuinely kindly concern what she could do to comfort that old mother of her household who had not seemed very bright of late. Now it suddenly flashed into her mind that in the hurry and work of preparing herself and her two young daughters for the fall and winter, she had given never a thought to the always modest apparel of 'Mother Baxter.' Was it at all likely the old lady had shrunk from making her appearance in year before last's fall bonnet, and didn't like to say anything ? Yes, come to think of it, she had been so ailing all the previous winter she had scarcely attended church once, so a fresh bonnet was not needed. But now Mrs. Baxter resolved on the instant what her week's work should consist of chiefly. Mother Baxter had helped her in a thousand little nameless ways when she needed it sorely, she should not lack for a little worldly comfort now.

'Grandma,' she said cheerily on Monday, 'now this week comes your time for being fixed up. It's a little late, but your bonnet is to be made entirely over, with a fresh flower and new strings, and your cloak is to be remodeled.'

'Don't worry about me, child,' said the old lady, with a perceptibly brightening countenance. 'I may not be able to go out all winter long.'

'That doesn't make any difference, grandma, you're going to be "all in order" to go whenever you can. Such a church lover as you've been all your days mustn't give up as long as you can possibly make the effort, and there's John's strong arm to lean on, you know. He spoke last Sunday of his reluctance to see you beginning to stay at home. On pleasant days a walk might help you.'

The next Sunday at church time Mother Baxter was the first one ready to start.

'That's something like mother !' said her son, heartily, on seeing her.

'Well, there was such a good, comforting effort to spur me up,' she said, with a contented smile, 'I thought I'd make an effort, too, and it does seem pleasant to be on the road to church of a Sunday.'

One day when something was said of 'old lady Prince,' Mother Baxter shook her head and said mournfully :

'I'm afraid they don't appreciate her as they should ; she's been a faithful, industrious woman in her day.'

'A little worldly cheer goes a good ways with old people,' Mrs. Baxter said to her husband afterward.

'It goes a good ways with us all, wife,' he replied.

'Yes, but the old need comforting in a spontaneous way. They are sensitive and generally uncomplaining. Some have more pride than others, but I believe to the very end of even a long life a little worldly cheer brings great comfort to the old.'

'Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life.'

—'Christian Work.'

SCIENTIFIC DISH-WASHING.

Many housekeepers spend half a lifetime at the work before they learn that there is an easy, scientific, mechanical and cleanly way to wash dishes. It is not an uncommon thing, if one can get a peep into the average kitchen during this operation, to see a pan of water, not very warm, but very greasy, with particles of food floating on the top of it, and a pile of dishes covered with bits and scraps standing ready for a bath in this not very inviting liquid.

The scientific dish-washer either scrapes off or rinses off all loose particles from her dishes before she puts them into the water. She begins with the larger plates, putting them into the pan first, then adding them by sizes until the pan is full. Cups and other articles are placed around, then over all is poured hot soapsuds, not boiling hot, but quite as warm as the hands can be put into comfortably. The cups and saucers are, of course, the cleanest things. These are washed first, and by the time she has reached the plates that may be greasy, they are warmed through and are cleaned with much more ease than as though they were suddenly put into the water and washed off. At this stage it is a good plan to put into the water, in addition to soap, a teaspoonful of washing soda, which should be kept in a convenient vessel over the sink. It takes scarcely more than half of the time to wash dishes in this way.

One good housekeeper has a dish-pan almost double the usual size. In it every dish is put—silver and all—then the hot water is poured on, a large quantity being used, and this is really an economy in time and strength, provided water is plenty. As for greasy dish-water, good housekeepers should never have it. An abundance of hot water, good soap, a little soda and dishes properly scraped off before beginning are all that is required. Dish-cloths are among the neglected items in kitchen economy. As a rule, it takes a good deal of nerve to touch the average dish-cloth. It should be one of the first lessons taught to the young housekeeper, that her dish-cloths should be immaculate. 'I never hang my dish-cloths up until they are so clean that I could use them as napkins, were it necessary,' was the instruction of a noted teacher of household science. It pays to take time to put the dish-pan, kitchen sink and cooking utensils in excellent order. If sense and soda are used, but little additional time is required, and the satisfaction of it is ample compensation.—New York 'Ledger.'

THE 'WORST BOY.'

I have known a boy who was called 'the worst boy' in a schoolroom of fifty boys. This teacher was called 'the best teacher in town.' She was forty years old, and he was thirteen. Her manner was haughty, so was his. She would have her own way if a will had to be broken to pieces ; so would he. When he was only three years old he committed a digression for which his mother asked him to say he was sorry. 'But I am not sorry,' he said. 'Then I will whip you till you are sorry,' she exclaimed, and forthwith proceeded to apply the rattan to the boy.

Howls and yells followed, the mother resting once in a while to ask—'Will you say you are sorry ?' 'You can beat me because you are biggest, but I'll never be sorry,' he answered. She went on whipping. Resting again, she demanded—'Will you say you are sorry ?' 'You can kill me, but I'll never say I'm sorry,' he exclaimed, with fury-flashing eye and trembling body. That mother put by the rattan. She was defeated, and ever after he controlled her. She was not wise enough to turn that strong will in another direction instead of opposing it. His teacher was not wise enough to turn his will in the right direction either. Such scenes occurred in the schoolroom between the two ! Disgraceful, heartrending. At last he was expelled from school. His father went to the school committee to intercede for the boy. On the board was a lady. She was touched by the father's appeal, and she influenced the rest of the committee to allow him to return to school.

She sat in an anteroom and watched the teacher and the boy that day, without the boy knowing he was watched. She saw the boy 'get through his arithmetic study' long before the rest. Then she saw him 'hitch' in his chair. 'Stay in at recess for restlessness,' observed Miss Strong, the teacher. The lady of the school committee saw the boy take up a book and read. His mouth twitched his features were convulsed with nervous spasms. 'Stay in after school to-night for making faces,' commanded Miss Strong, the teacher.

Then the lady of the school committee walked into the schoolroom, and asked the boy to go into the next room with a sealed note to the teacher. The note read—'Set this boy a hard example in arithmetic, and tell him to come back and do it. A. B., of the School Committee.'

No one was more surprised than Miss Strong when the school board promoted 'her worst boy' into a room two grades above her own the next week. Then he did admirably, and now he is one of the brightest business men in Boston.

Nervous children need long recesses, varied exercises, a bright, cheerful teacher, who has not too much of the Napoleon about her, and one who is willing to live and let live if you only give her half a chance !—Lucy Agnes Hayes, Philadelphia.

CHILDREN'S FOOD.

A great mistake with too many mothers is in allowing their little ones to eat between meals. Children who are in the habit of eating whenever and wherever they please seldom eat a good meal at the table. If the hours are too long between meals let there be one simple lunch of fresh fruit, bread and butter, or bread and milk, or graham crackers in the middle of the forenoon, and again in the middle of the afternoon ; but there let it end. This continual eating from morning till night is ruinous to any one's digestion. Then there is nothing more unsightly than to see a house full of children running upstairs and downstairs eating bread and molasses and daubing themselves and every one else with it.

Children who are brought up with cultured, well bred people soon learn to be polite and eat nicely at the table. I have known children who were allowed to eat any way when the family were alone, and who when company came were so dazed and stupid as to embarrass the mother exceedingly.

Below are given some simple recipes which are wholesome and appetizing for the little folks :

Oatmeal Rolls.—To a pint of cold oatmeal mush left from breakfast add a pint of hot milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour to make moderately stiff, so that it can be dropped from a spoon. Bake in hot gem irons.

Steamed Rice.—This is a very nice dish when steamed until every kernel stands out. Serve with cream and sugar, or with a boiled custard if preferred.

Graham Bread.—Dissolve one-fourth yeast cake in one-fourth cupful of warm water, or, if preferred, one-third cupful of soft yeast can be used instead. Scald one cupful of milk, and when cool add the yeast, a tablespoonful of molasses, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful of white flour; beat together thoroughly, and thicken with sifted graham flour to make a good batter. Cover and set in a warm place. When light, stir in more graham flour to make it stiff, pour it into a tin and let it rise half an hour. Bake about an hour.

Stewed Celery is very nutritious and appetizing. Wash thoroughly and cut in small pieces about as string beans are cut, stew in cold water until very tender and the water cooks out, season with butter, salt and cream. A delicious stew can be made from odds and ends of cold beef, or lamb cut in small pieces and allowed to simmer for an hour, then add a few stalks of celery cut fine, and just before taking from the stove, some cold stock or gravy. Serve on slices of crisp toast with baked potatoes.

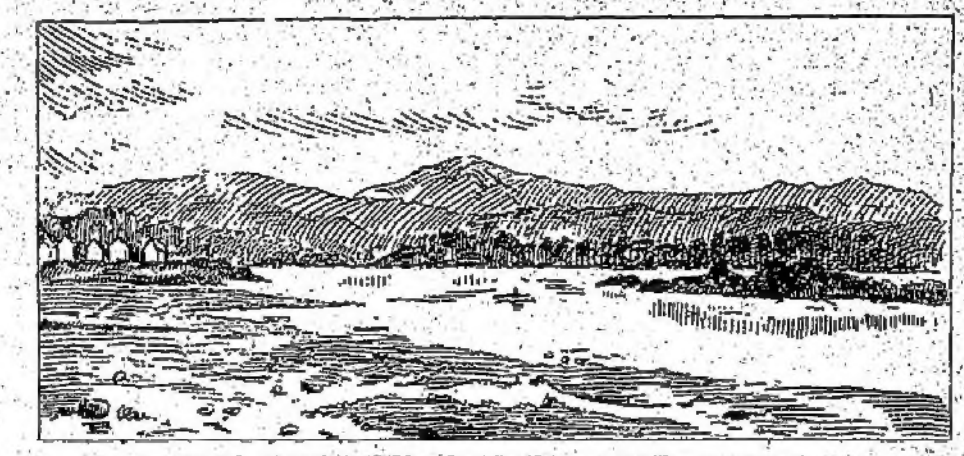
Beef, Veal or Lamb Scallops.—Place in a pudding dish a layer of chopped meat with bits of butter over it, then a layer of bread crumbs and another of meat. Alternate until the dish is full. Pour over the top a bowl of gravy, or if you haven't that, milk will answer, with a beaten egg on top.—New York 'Observer.'

CORN.

According to a writer in 'Good Housekeeping' the best way in which cornmeal breads can be eaten, as a class, is hot from the oven to the table. No visions of dyspepsia, or of dread micro-organisms, thirsting for the life of the epicure, need be feared in this case. The hot soda biscuit may be an enemy of the most relentless type, toothsome as it is to average appetites ; stale bread, according to scientists, may be loaded with disease germs ; but the cornmeal muffin, smoking hot, is most decidedly appetizing, while it is absolutely harmless. The following recipes are appended to this assurance :

Cream of Corn.—Pound in a mortar the contents of two medium-sized cans of corn, ad a pint of well-seasoned soup stock, and a quart of rich cream sauce. Mix well, rub through a sieve, and add two ounces of butter, when it is ready to serve. The yolks of four or five eggs will give a bright yellow color.

Corned Chicken Soup.—Cut a tender fowl in small pieces, dress with butter, cover with two gallons of well-seasoned white stock, and let it simmer slowly till the meat is tender. Add a can of corn, boil for five minutes, and serve. Chopped onions or parsley may be used as a relish, according to taste.



VIEW FROM BISHOP RIDLEY'S STUDY WINDOW.

A ROUND TRIP IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

(Letter from Bishop Ridley to 'Gleaner.')

Metlakahtla, July 11, 1895.

Yesterday I returned from a round trip to the Skeena river, and feel disposed to give you some account of it. Four weeks from sailing from Liverpool we steamed into the Skeena on June 6, twenty-eight miles from home. It was a clear morning, and before sunrise I opened the port. The light bits of cloud set in the calm sky at dawn might have been gates of pearl. As Chatham Sound opened up the sierra of the Western Isles was steeped with radiance by the rising sun, which was concealed from our view by the adjacent eastern heights.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gurd looked fagged by the long winter work at Laklan, chief Sheuksh's home among his Kitkatlas. We spent a whole day in the Skeena, and next morning were warmly welcomed to Metlakahtla at three in the morning.

After seeing my wife, Miss West and Miss Tyte safely landed, I re-embarked and went on to the Naas river to bring back the Archdeacon, and next day we opened a very pretty church at Fort Simpson, on the spot where the Gospel was first preached in this district by our missionaries thirty-seven years ago. Then all was dark and savage.

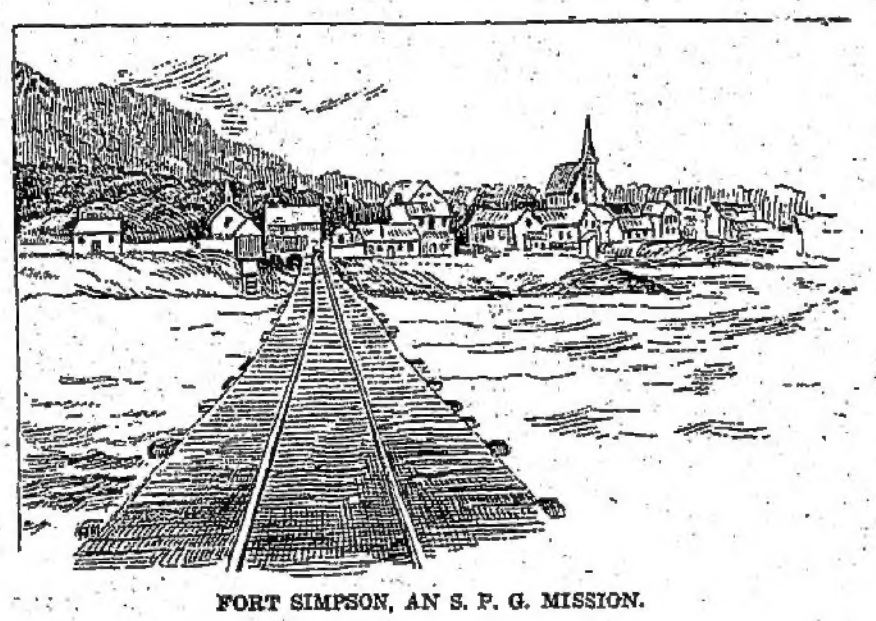
Next came the C. M. S. Conference, and my heart glowed with praise for all the gracious showers of blessing on all our workers. I praised them, too, for their faithful labors during my year's absence, for they richly deserved it.

The break up of the Conference left me in clerical and medical charge of Metlakahtla with three sick Haidas in the hospital. Happily Miss Tyte has had some training in nursing, and volunteered to take temporary charge of the patients with me as an amateur physician. After I had discharged two of the patients I decided to pay a visit to all the canneries on the Skeena and see how our brethren fared.

So the 'Rescue' was launched and left at her moorings two days, to tighten her leaky seams. The evening before I was to sail our medical missionary, Dr. Ardagh, arrived from his station, Inverness, twelve miles distant, to replenish his medicine chests. He has a fine new boat, obtained through Missionary Leaves, that best of Phoebes, and is justly proud of her sailing qualities. He proposed that we start together early next morning, intending, I could see, to show me a clean pair of heels. He had sailed past other craft, and my little 'Rescue,' one-third smaller, and, of course, years older than his, is to make the best second that my seamanship can sail her. The evening before the start I advised him to anchor his boat in deeper water than her then berth, or she would ground. He said he would, and told his white captain to see to it. I saw to my own.

At 4.30 next morning I drew my blind up, and half a mile distant was the doctor's boat in shallow water, with the tide ebbing. I roused my two Indians, a Zimshian and a Haida; but it was too late to get our intended conqueror into deep water, and by the time the doctor looked upon her she was high and dry, and I getting well out to sea. Soon we got the full benefit of the flood that would be against him by the time his boat was afloat. Better still, a light breeze sprang up and away we slowly sailed for a couple of hours.

The doctor took a short cut, but soon had the tide against him, and airs too light to make much way. We saw his big main-sail as a mere speck astern, and at last that disappeared. They were becalmed, like ourselves, on a broiling day. We trailed up our sail, and took to our oars, as did he; but our advantage was that our lighter boat was more easily propelled by two pairs of arms. If we rested the tide bore us on our course, but it carried him astern in the short-cut passage he had taken to head us off.



FORT SIMPSON, AN S. P. G. MISSION.

The sea was like a mirror and the sun scorching. Fortunately I had on board my wife's old garden hat with broad brims. In this I cut two holes and passed through them a piece of twine, tying it under my chin to keep the structure on my head. Of course, I could not tie it without tying in part of my beard, which hurt me almost as much as the clutching of it by baby fingers when I baptize the lively ones. I wore this thing without remembering what I had on, and a lady who saw me thus hatted regretted she had not a kodak! I am rather glad she hadn't, or you might have had my poor picture to illustrate this page.

The monotony of our passage was relieved by the frequent bobbing up of gentle-eyed seals; the salmon leaping and splashing, and glistening lustrously; the porpoise rolling lazily along as if on strike; eagles wheeling in great circles or descending like a flash into the water, and strenuously rising out of the sea with their talons gripping a salmon whose weight taxed the bird's strength to the utmost till it reached the bar. There I counted nineteen of them feasting together on their prey later in the day.

Away ahead stood two rocky islets which, when we neared them, became alive with white wings and grey. The sea-fowl, mostly gulls, screamed in myriads. 'Let us land,' said I. What an uproar! Lots of eggs, said my Zimshian, as we clambered up. It was a pleasant change to all but the birds. Better still, we espied from the top a blue line on the sea, a proof of a coming breeze. So we hurried back to the boat, and before we could push off the cat's-paw reached us. How it cooled our brows! My broad brims shaded me from the sun's direct rays, but their reflections from the sea-mirror came up from the deep to tan us. Indians used to believe that spirits lived under water, and during storms, especially in a tide race, caused the trouble. Here was a sun-god, as fishlike as Dagon, bathing in the calm deep, but the breeze brings him to the surface. The light sparkling on the waves in the line of the sun they call 'shium giamuk,' or the feet of the sun.

The only sound now breaking the ocean silence since we parted from the birds was from the wavelets lapping against the bow of the boat and the creaking boom. We lapsed into silence. I was steering. Near me sat the Haida counting eggs, and beyond sat the Zimshian, one of my former pupils who had lived under my roof nearly eight years. 'May I read?' he asked. 'Certainly,' I replied. He is absorbed. 'Let me hear what you read; what is it?' Turning the back of the octavo towards me he said, '"Pearson on the Creed." I am reading the second article.' So there we were borne slowly along on the broad Pacific by the gentle breath of heaven, while an Indian, whose parents had been heathen, read with intelligence to his bishop the proofs that 'Jesus is Lord' and 'our' Lord! He would occasionally stop to ask the meaning of hard words, such as 'presage,' 'invalid,' 'economical,' 'immarcessible.' Suddenly looking up, he asked, 'What is the difference between attrition and contrition?' 'Why do you ask? It is not on that page.'

'Oh, I came to them in my reading some time ago, and my dictionary said both meant "rubbing." I couldn't understand it.' 'Well,' said I, 'attrition means feeling a little sorry about some bad thing; contrition is real sorrow for felt sin.' 'Ah, one is the crying of the eyes, the other of the heart.' I assented.

'What are the tripods of Vulcan?' 'What?' I exclaimed. 'The tripods of Vulcan.' 'Tripods of Vulcan,' I muttered; 'tripods of Vulcan; a lame dog on three legs. Anything on three legs is a tripod. Vulcan was one of the gods of whom poets wrote nonsense. Let me see the book.' I found he had been dipping into 'Pearson's Notes,' and was puzzled, as was I until I saw them. Then memory recovered.

As I handed back the book I looked round and then said, 'The wind dies; let us row.' So we stowed our sail and our studies together, and found relief in our oars. Many of my grey-bearded readers would have done the same if they happened to be in a boat with 'Pearson on the Creed' and an inquiring youth catechizing them on his Notes.

The Skeena has three entrances. The doctor was bound for the nearest, we for the middle one, which now began to open. As we got into line with it a fresh breeze sprang up which quickly stiffened, but came in bad gusts as we neared the high land on either side. We reefed our sail, and I cautiously held the sheet with but half a turn round a cleat. We forged ahead tremendously in spurts, and got to Claxton about four p.m., after a course of about twenty-six miles, two hours before the doctor finished his twelve. The old boat won.

WHY NOT DRINK?

'What ails you, pa?' said a little five-year-old girl to her worldly-minded father, with whom she had been left at home one evening, and who, in his anxiety about his own salvation, walked the room in agony, though he had concealed his feelings from his wife and his acquaintances.

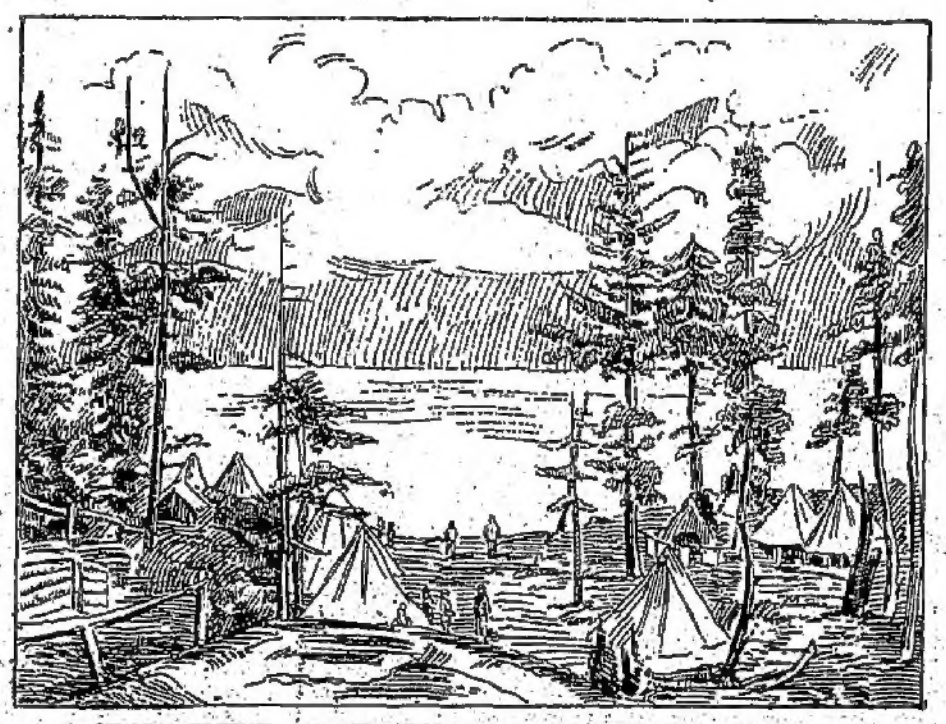
'What ails you, pa?'

'Nothing,' he replied, and endeavored to control and compose his feelings. The child looked with sympathy into his flushed and feverish face and said:

'If you are dry, pa, why don't you get a drink of water?'

The words were like a revelation. He had just heard a sermon from the text, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely,' and now the child's question brought it all back. He was thirsting for the living stream. Why should he not drink when it was offered freely? He went to his room, threw himself on his knees and prayed that the living water which Christ gives might be given to him; and from that hour he dated the beginning of a new life, the life that shall last forever.

How many restless, weary, troubled, uneasy souls are panting and longing for living water. They thirst and long for something, they know not what. God knows just what they need. They need that water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. They need to drink from that stream which makes glad the city of our God, and thus drinking they shall thirst no more. O weary, thirsty, longing soul, why not come and drink? —'Outlook.'



ENCAMPMENT ON THE BANK OF THE KSHTAUL RIVER.

LOOKING FOR PEARLS.

The Master came one evening to the gate
Of a far city; it was growing late,
And sending His disciples to buy food,
He wandered forth intent on doing good,
As was His wont. And in the market place
He saw a crowd, close gathered in one space,
Gazing with eager eyes upon the ground.
Jesus drew nearer, and thereon he found
A noisome creature, a bedraggled wreck—
A dead dog with a halter round his neck;
And those who stood by mocked the object there,
And one said scoffing, 'It pollutes the air!'
Another jeering asked, 'How long to-night,
Shall such a miscreant cur offend our sight?'
'Look at his torn hide,' sneered a Jewish wit,
'You could not cut even a shoe from it!'
And turned away. 'Behold his ears that bleed,'
A fourth chimed in, 'An unclean wretch indeed!'
'He hath been hanged for thieving,' they all cried,
And spurned the loathsome beast from side to side.
And Jesus, standing by them in the street,
Looked on the poor spent creature at His feet,
And bending o'er him spake unto the men:
'Pearls are not whiter than his teeth!'
And then
The people at each other gazed, asking
'Who is this stranger pitying the vile thing?'
Then one exclaimed, with awe abated breath,
'This surely is the Man of Nazareth;
This must be Jesus, for none else but He
Something to praise in a dead dog could see!'
And, being ashamed, each scoffer bowed his head,
And from the sight of Jesus turned and fled.

BISCUITS AND DRIED BEEF.

A PANACEA.

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By S. H. M.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

'While in London,' Mr. Jones essayed, 'I purchased a copy of Drummond's new book—"The Ascent of Man.' What do you think of his theories, Mr. Forest?'

This was too much. To have all these people chattering about the new books of the season, and asking his opinion of them, while he had not had a new book of any kind for months, was almost too much for his sensitive soul. To the last question he replied:

'I have not had a new book of any kind for many months. I have not had the money to buy one, and so, of course, had to go without.'

Fortunately, Mrs. Forest came in just then and invited her guests 'to the table.' She did not say 'to tea,' for that would not have been correct under the circumstances. The poor woman was pale and nervous. How could she stand the ordeal? But she knew her husband wished her to be bright and cheerful, and so, brave and good as she was, she had nerved herself to it.

How beautiful the table looked with its snow white cloth, decorated with several vases of flowers! Mrs. Forest attempted to make up in tasteful arrangement what was lacking in the delicacy of the menu.

Grace was said, and all took their seats in a very happy frame of mind, unless we except the host and hostess, who were somewhat perturbed in spirit. The query came to them both, 'Is it right to so display the poverty of our inner circle?' Mrs. Forest did not try to answer the question for herself. She relied too much on her husband for that, feeling that what he did was the right thing to do. The rector inwardly answered it to his own satisfaction, knowing that the situation was not of his own making, and that if the sum which was due him had come an hour or two before the supper time, he would have provided a proper repast for his guests.

'What beautiful biscuits!' Mrs. Smith remarked, as she broke one in two, and placed the steaming halves on her plate, evidently in haste for the butter to spread upon it before it had cooled.

'Yes, indeed,' Mrs. Brown echoed. 'You must have an excellent cook, Mrs. Forest. I do find it so hard to get a cook to make nice baking powder biscuits.'

Mr. Forest, seeing his wife's embarrassed look, at once said:

'We have a first-class cook, Mrs. Brown, and she sits at the head of the table.'

'Oh, indeed,' came in chorus from all the ladies.

Mrs. Forest meekly smiled:

'I've not had a maid for six months. Baby has been so good, and Mr. Forest so helpful, that I've gotten along very nicely.'

But no one had eaten a mouthful. Several had sipped at the glass of water beside them. The chipped beef had been passed, and the apple sauce had gone the rounds. Just then the baby cried, and Mrs. Forest said, as she hurriedly rose: 'Excuse me, please, while I see to baby.'

Blessed baby! How the fond mother hugged him to her bosom as she lifted him from the crib! The tears ran down her cheeks, for her nervous condition could stand the strain no longer. Baby had saved her from making a scene at the table. She was so glad to flee from it.

But the time had come to make some kind of an explanation. So Mr. Forest said:

'My friends, when I invited you to take tea with us I had hoped to entertain you as became your station; but we have been reduced to the present state of our larder. The last butter was used this noon. We are out of tea, and so can give you only pure cold water. But to me biscuits and dried beef are quite a relish, and I hope you will enjoy both.'

He paused, but no one broke the silence. He tasted of his apple sauce, and said:

'Mrs. Forest emptied the sugar bowl to season this sauce, but I think it would be improved with a little more sweetening.'

Mr. Jones laughed. Then Mrs. Jones laughed, and all the rest tried to laugh, but it made a queer sound without much hilarity in it.

'A pretty good joke the rector is playing on us,' finally remarked Mr. Brown.

'No, my friends,' said Mr. Forest, 'there is no joke about it. At the last Convention the Bishop counselled his clergy to "owe no man anything." My wife and I decided to adopt that course. I have not a cent in the house, and our breakfast will consist of what you leave from this meal. We are determined not to buy one cent's worth on credit. We can live comfortably on our salary; and if it is paid to us promptly each month we will get along nicely.'

'Do I understand,' said Mr. Jones, the senior warden, who now saw the seriousness of the rector, 'that Roberts has not paid you your salary?'

'He has paid part of it; but he tells me that there is no money in the treasury to meet the balance,' said Mr. Forest.

'What difference does that make,' Mr. Jones fairly roared. 'Why doesn't he pay it?'

'I suppose he can't pay if the treasury is empty,' remarked Robinson.

'Humph! Yes, I suppose so,' and Mr. Jones recalled to his mind the conversation he had had with Mr. Roberts the day after his return.

Mrs. Forest returned to the table bringing the baby with her.

'What do you feed *him*?' inquired Mrs. Brown, who thought biscuits and dried beef would be a poor diet for a small babe.

'Milk,' Mrs. Forest replied. 'Our good neighbor, who is a Methodist by the way, has a baby about the age of ours. They bought a Jersey cow so as to have good rich milk for the child, and knowing how difficult it is to always get good milk for such purposes, she kindly proposed that I accept a quart each day and night for our baby.'

'How very kind!' several said at once.

'Yes, I don't know what I should have done without it, for it would take some pennies each day to provide for it otherwise.'

The biscuits were eaten. The chipped beef had been nibbled. The apple sauce had been tasted, and all were ready to rise.

'Mr. Forest,' said Mr. Jones, 'I will call the vestry together to-morrow, and we will see that all arrears are paid at once.'

'Thank you,' was all the rector said.

* * * * *

The story got out. Jones drew his cheque for all arrears on his pledge. He wanted to berate Roberts, but he dared not, so long as he had been the most delinquent of any one in the parish.

'It worked nicely, didn't it, dear?' chuckled Mr. Forest, when a messenger called with a cheque for the full amount to date of his salary.

'But, oh, John, I never want to go through another such trial,' said the poor wife.

'You won't have to, dear, so long as we stay in this parish. Biscuits and dried beef were the panacea the people needed to cure their disorder.'

'And unsweetened apple sauce and cold water,' added Mrs. Forest.

THE END.

[For the 'Messenger.'

PLANS AND COUNTER PLANS.

(By Gussie M. Waterman.)

Belle, Gladys and Bess were in their room at a dormitory of the Lakeside school. It was the fall term, and the girls had just come from their country homes a day or two before.

'Well, Gladys Perley, you look like an embryo school mistress, don't you, leaning over that story book as if you meant to devour it? I daresay you'll be a perpetual thorn in my side!' Sister Bess shot a reproving glance from her clear, blue eye at easy-going Gladys before taking up her algebra.

'My dearest Bess!' cried Belle Bly, looking up from the essay she was writing upon the 'Character of Sir William Wallace,' 'how quickly you forget that your sister is but a beginner in the preparatory department, and that she cannot be expected to feel the importance of utilizing every moment as we do.'

'Oh, girls!' Gladys suddenly cried out, 'don't you think this room terribly bare and cheerless? Only a bed and a cot and a table and three chairs—ugly wooden things! Let's steal some from our rainy day funds and brighten surroundings a little, or a good deal! I believe the genuine love of study, of which I confess I lack much, would run into my cranium like everything could I but behold beauty and cosiness around me! Leave off your dry old studying for a while and let's plan!'

'Oh, of course we ought to have the room prettier and pleasanter,' assented Belle; 'we meant to, didn't we, Bess?'

'Certainly, in time,' admitted stately Bess. 'What do you mean to do, sister mine, spend the ten dollars grandmother sent you on a spring rocker and a dressing-case?'

'There, Betsey, I didn't say so; but if I did what of it? It's my money. I'll buy a chair anyway; I can get a lovely one for five dollars.'

'And I'll get one too,' chimed in Belle, 'and a Turkish rug; rugs look so homelike.'

Gladys gave Belle a quick, startled look just then, and sat very sober for a minute or two, while Bess, with a critical glance round the room, declared what her quota should be.

'I've twenty-five dollars of my own laid away for a reserve fund. We may as well enjoy our school life as much as we can, and I do love some luxuries. Wouldn't I spend money on elegant surroundings if I had it!'

'Why, Bess, I didn't know you had such luxurious tastes! Our talk has roused a demon within you which must be subdued right away. I must see Dr. Day, and have the matron serve you with bread and water for a week!' Belle laughed merrily.

'Tut! Such levity in a schoolma'am of nine months' service is unpardonable,' said Bess, severely. 'I shall buy something handsome to make covering and pillows for Gladys' cot, thus turning it into a nice lounge in the daytime; then I must have some pictures and a vase or two, perhaps a China silk throw, and—— Oh, another Turkish rug.'

Gladys, who had, with hands clasped round her knee, been looking delightedly up into her sister's face, suddenly sobered again, dropping her dark eyes.

'Beautiful!' cried Belle.

'And I believe I will get a lace curtain for the window,' Bess resumed.

'Oh, do!' Gladys was alert again. 'Do, Bess, and I'll buy some lace and drape a lovely dressing-table. I'll get some one to make the frame for us.'

'Now, do stop a little,' commanded Bess, when they had spent some time in discussing colors, textures and prices, and Belle had summed up the cost on a bit of paper—'only about twenty-five dollars,' she had complacently announced.

'Do stop and work a while.' She took up her book again, while Belle turned to her essay, saying laughingly, 'After we've dressed up the room let's buy a big turkey and eat our Thanksgiving dinner here!'

'Oh, turkey!' Gladys' tone was like a half groan.

Bess looked up with a swift glance into Gladys' eyes, while a quick rush of pink dyed her own fair face.

'See here, I must find out the meaning of this,' spoke up Belle, authoritatively. 'Here's Gladys starting and sobering three times at the mention of Turkish and turkey, and here's our queenly Bess blushing like a little girl caught stealing jam! Confess now! Are you two concerned in a plot with some far-off Abdul Hamid Hassan to give the Sublime Porte a dose of dynamite or—'

'Tell her, tell her, Bess! You know what it is just as well as I do!' Gladys cried imploringly, 'you are the one to tell her, not I. I don't profess the same as you!'

Bess, to Belle's great wonder, bent her head low upon her hands for several minutes.

'Don't mystify me any longer! Tell me, one of you.'

'Do speak, Bess!' Gladys cried again. 'It's the missionary meeting, Belle, the meeting of the branch at Earltown, you know. Those poor little Turkish brides! Aren't we dreadfully selfish, Belle Bly!'

Bess's fair face paled and flushed again as she lifted her head and spoke in firm, decided tones:

'I'll tell you what Gladys has been thinking about, and what I, too, should not have forgotten. We attended the State Missionary meeting in September, and heard Miss Wright from Marsovan, Turkey, give an account of the women and children there. She told us of the families living all in one room, and often sharing it with the animals; of the poor brides, subject to the caprice of the mother-in-law, before whom they must patiently stand, though ever so tired, until she gives permission to sit down.'

'And the mother-in-law may jump on the daughter-in-law's back while the poor child sweeps with her short-handled broom, and make her carry the old thing about!' put in Gladys, indignantly.

'These brides are never allowed to speak aloud before the men of the family or the mother-in-law. It made me feel so sad when she told of those sorrowful women, with mouths bandaged, faces veiled and

forms covered, when outside, with that ungraceful sheet. Miss Wright dressed Miss Dawson, the Indian teacher from Nebraska, in their costume. And, oh, Belle, the brides cannot go to their cushions at night, even if they get sleepy and fall over, until the father or mother-in-law gives permission,' cried eager Gladys.

'Then she told of the Christian women there, so happy as they rolled stones for their new church and plastered it with their hands after a hard day's work in the fields. And of their denying themselves food that they might have a jar of grain to bring in as their missionary offering.' Bess's voice shook a little.

'And, oh, Bess! that darling Moslem girl who took a beating rather than stay away from church; a beating every time she went! Why, she endured the prison and—everything!' Tears glistened in Gladys' brown eyes.

'Now, just think, Belle, dear! Here we've been planning how to make our appointments nice and luxurious, never thinking of what we owe those our sisters in heathendom. Aren't we awfully selfish? I never imagined that I could so soon and so easily forget the resolves I made on hearing Miss Wright's address. And I profess to be a disciple of Christ too—so do you, Belle! I've always thought you so careless, Gladys, yet you have taught me my duty.'

'Well, now, girls,' said Belle, lightly, 'do you really think that we shouldn't make our room pleasant because some poor creatures away on the other side of creation have harder times than we? Doesn't God like to have us happy and comfortable here? Do you fancy He would be more pleased if we put the twenty-five dollars into the mission fund?'

'I believe this way, Belle. Whenever we have any money at our dispcsal our first thought must be for God's kingdom and its extension. I believe that Christians should practise self-denial. If I tithe my ten dollars which I proposed to spend, and then give five more as a thank-offering in consideration of my happy lot compared with that of my Armenian sisters, and spend the remainder in making our room pretty, I'm sure the Lord would be glorified more than if I spent all upon myself. I think both of you will be willing to do the same with the sums you have promised. Let us begin here and now to be self-denying Christians. Won't you begin, too, Gladys?' Bess's voice trembled greatly. She had never before in all her life, Christ's disciple though she called herself, spoken such a direct word to her only sister.

'I will.' Gladys brushed away the tears. 'I won't fight against it any longer. And oh! I do wish the Lord would make me fit to go and help those poor women some day!'

'Well,' said Belle, wiping her pen, 'I'm a pretty poor Christian, but I'm going to try to be a better one, and if it will help me on any I'm willing to tithe and offer, and anything that's good. I never could get any missionary interest into my being; but if you are so enthusiastic I mustn't be behind you. You've a big work before you to keep me interested in missions.'

'We will, though, see if we don't!' laughed Gladys. 'And won't we have a lovely room after all! There are so many little inexpensive things we can make that will look as well as costlier things, and our gifts will brighten some of those sad, sorrowful Turkish homes.'

'Who would ever have thought, my stately Bess, that harum-scarum Gladys could teach you anything?' whispered Belle afterward. 'Or me either,' added she, smiling. 'I've learned a lesson too.'

'Oh, Belle!' Bess was grave, and her tone was painfully earnest. 'You know the text: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Supposing we gave a hundred times over what we've pledged to-day; how little, how little for Christ! Belle, we can't stop short of giving our whole selves!'

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

'Mrs. Allen Benson was in church this morning, Susie,' said the minister to his wife, as he passed her his cup for a second filling. It was Sabbath noon, and the pastor was still feeling the excitement of his morning's preaching, and was lingering over the dainty luncheon which was ready to greet him, when he came home. Susie, Mrs. Fairchild, had not been out. Three small children, one a six months' baby wailing with premonitions of teeth soon to prick their way through the gums, held her captive at home. Still, so far as the sermons were concerned, she knew a good deal, for Mr. Fairchild liked to talk them over with her, and many a bright thought and apt illustration were of her suggestion, and were cleverly woven in as he wrote in the little book-lined study just off the dining-room. But she did yearn sometimes for the privilege, comparatively seldom hers now, of sitting restfully in her own pew, of joining in the singing, of worshipping with the congregation of God's people, of walking to and from church with her husband. She gave a little sigh, when Tom told her of Mrs. Benson's having been in church, and as she cut for him a triangle of delicious lemon pie, she wondered much how Mrs. Benson had managed it. For she, too, had a baby six months old, and her twins were not yet past their third birthday.

'I wished so much that you had been there, Susie,' Mr. Fairchild went on. 'The service to-day was so harmonious and Miss Spalding sang "Consider the lilies" in a voice which was like the lark's soaring upward. Everybody would be so glad to see my wife, I, most of all, these summer Sunday mornings. Couldn't you next week give Elise her bath early, put her to sleep, and leave Fred and Charley with Katie in the kitchen?'

'Perhaps so, Tom! I'll think about it,' she answered gently, repressing a natural desire to say instead, 'No, Tom, the thing is out of the question.'

Tom went away to his books, for an hour's respite before Sunday-school, where he taught the young men's Bible class.

But Susie, having told Irish Katie, her faithful maid-of-all-work, that she was free for the afternoon, betook herself to the nursery and the company of her little flock.

Now, a mother may so love her little children that she will cheerfully lay down her life for them, may consider no duty a tax, may spend all her powers ungrudgingly for her darlings, and yet may sometimes, and no shame and no blame to her, grow tired of her children, and be thankful for a little while to be out of their sight. This was the case once and again with you and me, was it not? I ask the question of the older mothers, whose children have grown out of their arms, and are now in the world, making their own way, fighting their own Apollyons, knowing trials and troubles that mother's arms and mother's kisses can no longer soothe. It does not argue any lack of love that a young mother should be glad of a little freedom, a little change, going back to her home nest, the brighter for a brief respite.

Two or three of the church girls had been talking things over, as girls do, and looking about for some Christian work outside of their accustomed channels. As members of the Christian Endeavor Society, they felt a desire to make their lives tell for God, and it had occurred to one of them, Patty Marshall by name, that perhaps in searching for opportunities at the ends of the earth they were ignoring excellent loopholes for effort at their very doors.

'Suppose, girls,' said Patty with persuasion in her tone, 'we quietly organize ourselves into a trio of cup-bearers. One can carry a full cup with ease if it's only a few steps, but if you have to cross the desert and the ocean some of the cold water may get spilled on the way.'

'What do you propose?' said Geraldine Smyth.

'Why, for one thing, we might do substitute duty sometimes on Sunday mornings by relieving young mothers like Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Benson and let them go to church for a change, while we take their places as child-tenders; of course, we would lose the uplift and help of the service, but it would be that they might gain it, and I'm in favor of making them the offer of our services.'

'Mrs. Fairchild hardly ever hears her husband preach,' said Alice Bell musingly.

'And young Mrs. Barnes hasn't been in church for a year and a half,' said Patty, thoughtfully, 'while Mrs. Allen Benson never gets there!'

'The Theodore Bensons could help her,' suggested Geraldine.

'They probably could, but they don't, you know,' said Patty.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

'But we will not spend our time criticising other people. The question is, what can we ourselves do in the case?'

Their waiting angels invisibly watching no doubt smiled to see the eager consultation of the three bright heads close bent together, and the outcome of the confab was pleasing to the angels and to men.

Its first fruits had been, though no one suspected it, for the girls did not sound a trumpet before them, and told nobody that there was a plan in what they were doing, preferring to have it look as if the proposal were by way of accident. Its very first fruits were seen when young Mrs. Benson went to church, leaving her baby with Geraldine.

During the week Patty found that she had an errand at the parsonage, partly to return a book Mrs. Fairchild had lent her, partly to carry that lady a bunch of roses. Talking with her minister's wife, she took the plump, cooing baby in her arms, and commented on her loveliness.

'You dear, sweet, wee midget!' she exclaimed. 'I wonder how long you'd be good with me. Mrs. Fairchild, if I should come here next Sunday morning, and stay with Elise and her little brothers, would you go to church? I'd love to sit here with the baby, and I'd amuse the boys, and wouldn't you find it a nice little rest? I wish, dear Mrs. Fairchild, I do wish you'd let me try my hand.'

'Are you quite in earnest, Patty, or are you only tempting me?' laughed Mrs. Fairchild.

'I mean it, every word,' Patty declared with emphasis.

'Well, then, I accept,' Mrs. Fairchild answered promptly. 'Why, child, you are offering me a cup of cold water, and I am thirsty enough to snatch it eagerly. Thank you for the kind thought.'

And next Sabbath morning, in her best black silk, and her pretty straw bonnet with the pink roses and the black feathers, Mrs. Susan Fairchild walked to church, side by side, with Tom, the minister.

'There go Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild together!' said Aunt Phebe Rand, looking from the window where she sat in her invalid chair. 'Some saint or other has relieved her this morning and taken charge of her babies! A good idea! Maybe her mother, or his, is visiting her. I must find out. A body never hears a thing, shut up with a lame knee.'

'Tom, dear,' said Susie, as they took luncheon when Patty had gone home, that Sunday, and she had nursed Elise and kissed the boys, 'Tom, I want to tell you that your preaching is better than it used to be. I did enjoy it this morning. You helped me very much, and I saw how every one listened.'

'My love,' said the minister, 'you are my dearest and my severest critic. I am always happier in the pulpit when you are in the pew.'—Margaret E. Sangster.

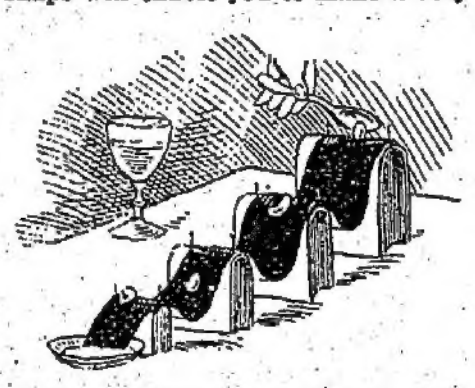
DROPS OF WATER.

A SIMPLE AND PRETTY LITTLE EXPERIMENT WHICH A BRIGHT CHILD CAN PERFORM.

All of you have noticed, perhaps, that the first drops of rain, when a shower comes up, falling upon the dust of a road, assume the form of little balls and rebound or roll about as if they were elastic. This is due to the fact that the water of which the drops are composed is not in sufficient quantity to penetrate the particles of dust and spread out so as to wet the earth. As the shower continues, however, the drops increase enough to touch each other, and they become a sheet of water, so to speak.

A drop of water on a hot iron plate takes the form of a ball, too, and that is because it is protected against the action of heat by the cushion of steam interposing between it and the plate. For this reason the ironer in the laundry may put her wet finger on a very hot iron without getting it burned.

This property that a drop of water has to retain its globular or spheroidal shape will enable you to make a very



pretty experiment. A drop of water on ordinary paper will spread out and wet the paper, but if you put a coating of lampblack or plumbago on the paper the drop will not spread.

Now, for your experiment get a strip of strong paper about six inches in breadth and three or four feet in length. Coat one side of it as we have suggested, and having placed upright on a table several books of decreasing size pin the strip of paper to their backs, leaving depressions between the books, as shown in the illustration. The depressions should decrease in depth toward the books of smaller size.

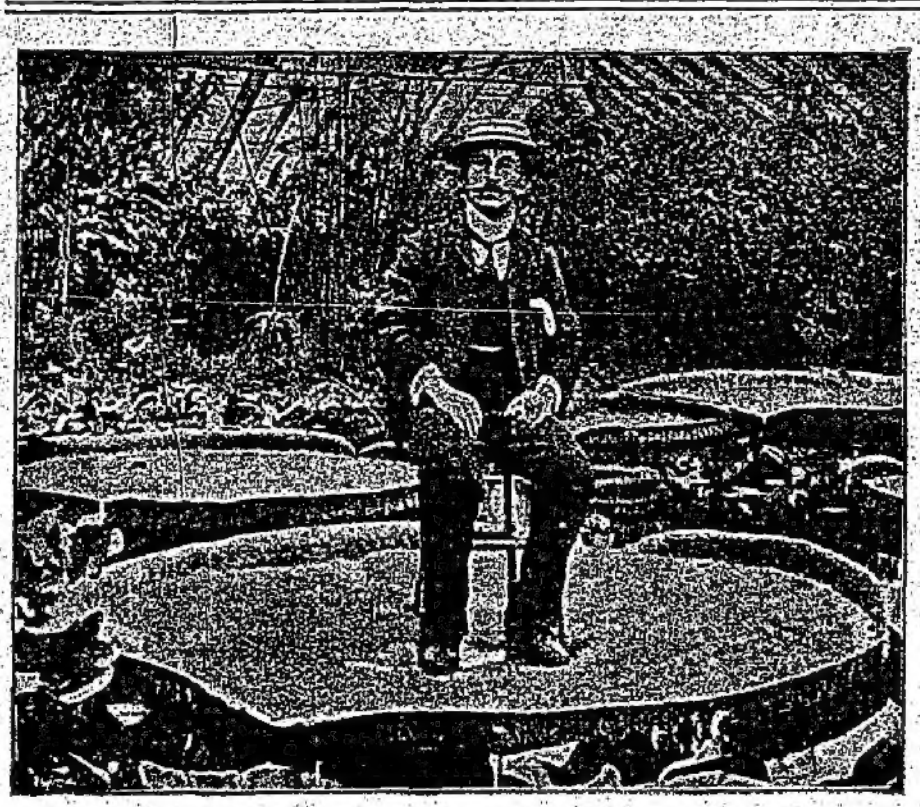
At the end where the paper falls over the largest book pour some water, drop after drop, and these drops will run down the first depression, one after the other, and having thus gained momentum they will continue their course over all the depressions until they roll into a plate at the end.

With a little practice you can make the experiment a very neat and pretty one.—Philadelphia 'Times.'

THE STRENGTH OF CHEERFULNESS.

Those who have a cheerful temperament have one of God's best gifts. It blesses him and it brings light and hope into the lives of others. 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.' The body is better, the mind is clearer, the whole life is stronger, if we only take what comes to us brightly, and try to make the best of it. With some natures it is a hard struggle to be cheerful, but this good thing will come if we strive after it steadily. St. Paul classed together faith, hope and charity, and we sometimes forget that hope is as necessary to a well-rounded Christian life as faith and love. Let the gloomy and despondent temperaments come to God for the gift of hope; let them ask for it daily, and confess their error when they see that they have been without it. Then their lives will grow steadily more buoyant. Blessed in their own souls, their influence will go out in blessing to others.—'Parish and Home.'

The man who is delighting in the Lord doesn't have to have his own way to be happy and it does not require an income of so much to keep him from backsliding.



A Botanical Raft; the Victoria Regia in the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park.

A BOTANICAL RAFT.

There is now growing in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society a remarkably fine plant of Victoria Regia. Quite recently Mr. J. W. Sowerby, the assistant secretary, counted eleven large leaves, several of which were over seven feet in diameter, and for some time they have had a new flower open every day. He sent to the 'Daily Graphic' a photograph of himself sitting on a leaf floating on the water, showing the enormous buoyant power it possesses, the total weight supported being one hundred and fifty pounds.

FIVE DOES.

A SHORT SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

(By Mr. Martin.)

I have sometimes wished I could be the minister of a church with no one but children in it. Not knowing of any such, I have asked the editors to lend me their pulpit for one Sunday afternoon, so that I could preach you a short sermon—all for yourselves. My subject is, 'What children are to do,' and I will give you five things—a full handful—which I hope you will carry away and keep. I will not take any text, but will let you select five, that is, one appropriate for each part. (If any of you think you have selected the right ones, I would like to know it.)

1. Do something. It is natural for children to be doing something, it is not natural for them to be idle. I like to see boys and girls who are alive and active, with heads or hands or feet. One young friend of mine has a little workshop where, out of school hours, he is always busy making a cart or a telephone line, a boat or a bureau. I watch the operations of another little fellow, who seems never to be happy unless he is doing something—drawing a cart, building a bonfire, or shoveling snow. A great rain on Sunday is a call to him to dig trenches to keep the water away from the house—that is a work of necessity. Last Sunday he came in to empty the basket of envelopes under my table so as to cut off the stamps, which I wished to send to the Children's Hospital—a work of mercy! Such boys will amount to something. So I encourage children to collect stamps, minerals, historical relics, make scrap-books—anything to keep them out of idleness. This is order No. 1—*do something.* (The text was written by a king, who called himself 'The Preacher.')

2. Do right. The question about right and wrong is always coming up. 'Shall I do this?' 'Shall I do that?' How are you to settle it? Not by asking whether you will get any fun out of it, whether the other children will like you or laugh at you for it. Ask whether it is right. The question may be whether you will play when you have some work at home which you ought to do, whether you will get your lesson at school, whether you will cheat in your recitation, whether you will tell the exact truth or a little untruth, whether you will put a cigarette into your mouth, or let a bad or unkind word go out of your mouth. There is only one safe way to settle every such question—do what is right. That is always the easiest way in the end, and you will always be glad you followed it. (The text is part of a verse in Deuteronomy—what Moses wished taught diligently to the children.)

3. Do what the Master says. 'One is your Master'—you know who he is. The disciples were his friends as well as his servants, they loved him, they wanted to do what he told them to do. Do you remember the story of a great man who saw a light and heard a voice on his journey? When he realized that Jesus was the true Master, the first word he said was, 'What shall *I* do?' We want to be the friends of Jesus Christ, we are proud to be so. Let us be proud to do just what he wishes. What is your 'Junior' pledge?

We promise, dear Jesus, to try to be true,
And to do what our Saviour would like us to do.

That is one way of knowing what is right, to learn what he said. We cannot mistake when we follow his saying. What a noble, happy company of youth you children would be if you always tried to do what the wise and kind Master of men commands! (The text is one of the last things Jesus said, and John wrote it down for us.)

4. Do something for somebody else. A boy or girl—or even a man—may do things that are right, may be industrious, truthful and honest, and yet have a very weak, poor character. Why? Because it is all for self. I pity a wholly selfish boy or girl, only caring to be happy themselves, never caring a bit about anybody else. That is not the way to live. Make some one else happy. Don't be so anxious to have the biggest piece of pie, the best seat, the first chance in the game, that you forget the happiness of others. How about the little thing you can do for father or mother that will give them comfort and help—filling the wood-box or coal hod, clearing off the table? How about some other boy or girl who has not the privileges you have? A kind word spoken, a paper sent, a book lent, a lift or a gift of some kind, will be a greater joy to them than you can think. You know what the 'Two Little Pilgrims,' in Mrs. Burnett's book, said: 'Everybody has something they can give to somebody else.' (Would the 'rule' that Jesus gave about others be a good text for this part?)

5. Do in his name. What does that mean? It means that you will need help to do right. You cannot succeed alone. Paul found that out. See what he said in Rom. vii., 21. Jesus knew how it would be. Can you find where he said, 'Without me ye can do nothing?' Boys and girls, that is the greatest and best thing I can tell you, that this wonderful Saviour who lived on the earth and loved his disciples still lives and still loves and will still give us help to do what he commands us to do. It means that it is easier to do right things when we remember that he wishes us to do it. I look up on my wall and see the portraits of my dear father and mother. I think I would do almost anything if I knew that it would please them to have me do it. We know that it pleases our Father in heaven and Jesus Christ, our Master, if we do what we do because we love God, because Jesus commanded us. If we are kind to others we do it 'in his name,' and he will give us joy and help to do more and better. Paul had a motto which is just right for us, for it showed how he was able to do so much. You will have a Happy New Year, all the way through, if you remember these things—and do them. 'Congregationalist.'

SMOKING: A DIALOGUE.

CHARLIE AND HARRY IN A STREET TALK.

Charlie—Harry, why do you smoke in public, or in these streets?

Harry—I suppose I have a right to enjoy my cigar just as I please.

Charlie—Oh, no! you have no such right, if you injure others by it.

Harry—How do I injure others? For I don't know.

Charlie—Of ccurse you don't. Tobacco-smoke tends to stupefy its votary and render his senses obtuse. A man may listen to the roaring of artillery till he is deaf. He may look upon the sun till he is blind and you may smoke till you so blunt your olfactories as not to know that tobacco smoke is a nuisance.

Harry—You are blunt, Charlie! Please drop rhetoric, and tell me how I injure others.

Charlie—Violent diseases require violent remedies. Your habit is a disease, a violent one; I should be glad to cure it.

Harry—O come to the point, and tell me how I injure others.

Charlie—You load the air with a nauseous, noxious, abomination!

Harry—Poh! I see no reason or force in your talk.

Charlie—I suppose you don't; therefore I say to you, in the language of Dr. Sam Johnson, 'To be sure it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of one's mouth into other people's mouths, eyes and noses, and having the same thing done to us.'

Harry—You make a great ado about a little smell or smoke.

Charlie—It is more than smell or smoke; you poison the common air.

Harry—Poison the air! Make that out if you can.

Charlie—Tobacco is a poison; it takes rank with poisons in Materia Medica the world over. Your smoke is this poison in infinitesimal particles—it is the lampblack of tobacco and your breath; and this delightful compound you compel us to inhale; and is this fair play?

Harry—Fudge! you strain at a gnat! Who was ever poisoned by the whiffs of a cigar or pipe?

Charlie—To be drunk is to be poisoned in a legitimate sense; and I dare say you have been drunk on tobacco smoke. The first time you smoked you were sick, dizzy, and reeled over, and 'cast up your accounts' in a hurry! Did you not?

Harry—I had an awful time! But how do I poison others? That is the point.

Charlie—Not only the smoke, but the stench from the body and clothes of a smoker often poisons ladies and children in cars and stages. Many a smoker has made his wife the shadow of a shade and poisoned his children to death. Ladies have passed resolutions in some places to the effect that smokers should never marry and never own a baby!

Harry—My wife and babies live in spite of smoke.

Charlie—Well said, in spite of smoke! Some are not so easily poisoned by ivy, dog-wood, arsenic or tobacco, as others. Your family may be exceptions; but many a father kills his baby, and don't know it, and almost cries his eyes out at its grave!

Harry—Did you say we poisoned the air about us?

Charlie—Yes; and you have as good a right to throw a pound of rats-bane into that well or place a dead horse on this sidewalk as to charge the air with the nuisance of your cigar or pipe.

Harry—The smoker, I think, injures himself, not society. His vice is a social, generous vice.

Charlie—No, sir. Smokers are the most selfish characters we have. They are not controlled by courtesy, but by the stern exactions of society, by sign-boards, 'No Smoking Here,' and the like.

'A selfish habit,' says the Hon. Charles Hudson. 'A smoker entered a stage-coach. "Ladies," he said, "ladies, I hope my cigar will not be offensive." "Yes, yes," was the reply; "it will be very offensive." He gave a significant nod, muttering, "'Tis so to some," and smoked on.'

Harry—Well, sir, I'm determined not to injure others. I tell boys not to smoke.

Charlie—I saw a little boy strutting up Cornhill, before breakfast, puffing a cigar! I told him he would look better with a piece of bread and butter in his mouth. 'Yes,' he said, 'but it would not be half so glorious!' His father, I presume, threatened to flog and disinherit him, and smoked like a volcano himself! Like begets like. Look out for young volcanoes!

Harry—I am convinced. Live or die, survive or perish, I shall smoke no more!

Charlie—Then sign this pledge: I hereby pledge myself to abstain from the use of tobacco in all forms, totally and forever.

Harry—It's done, sir. It's signed! I'm no more a slave!—H. L. Hastings.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

Surely every one has seen her,
For so very oft she goes,
With her modest, shy demeanor,
Through the city's rotting rows;
And you'll note, if you observe her,
That this maiden whom I sing,
Bears a badge that seems to nerve her
In the vineyards of The King.

I. H. N.—the letters glitter
'Neath a fair and youthful face;
I. H. N.—a legend fitter
Far than costly gems to grace.
A bosom filled with tender pity
For those wretched and in shame,
As she threads the thronging city
Bearing blessings 'In His Name.'

There are women, old, bed-ridden,
There are younger, stamped with sin,
There are children starved and chidden,
There are sick men, gaunt and thin,
Who on seeing her, unshrinking,
Flitting down the fetid lane,
Cease their cursing and their drinking,
Rise and bless her in their pain.

She sees woe that strong men, blackened
By life's battle-smoke's eclipse,
Dread to look on, yet not slackened
Is her ardor, though her lips
Grow more tremulous and tender
As her Christ-like acts proclaim
All the glory and the splendor
Of her labor 'In His Name.'

Go your way, my gentle maiden,
All unconscious on your part,
That your soft eyes, pity laden,
Sad, have touched a cynic heart;
Climb the white stairs to the portals
That your visions rapt behold,
For the joyous, glad immortals,
There will greet your heart of gold.

—VAL. STARNES.

THE ARMENIAN HORRORS.

A 'MESSENGER' RELIEF FUND.

Did ever the world witness so woeful a spectacle? Talk about the early Christian martyrs under the brutal Emperor Nero! Here in this last five years of this nineteenth century are thousands upon thousands of Christians being murdered in cold blood, murdered deliberately and with most fiendish cruelty. And yet the great Christian nations of the earth stand by and snarl at one another and lift not so much as a finger to stop the holocaust. Our most devoted missionaries are on the spot, men and women personally known to us. They are hourly in danger of their own lives, and see their people shot down around them like wild animals, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed, yet the governments of the Christian countries which sent them there stand by and do nothing. The account in the 'Messenger' a few days ago from Dr. Barnum and Mr. Allen gives but the barest outline of the horrors occurring in one section of that stricken country. Thousands upon thousands of these poor Armenians are now wandering on their native hills without shelter, without clothing, without food. Unless help comes thousands who have escaped the bullet and the sword will die of cold and hunger.

WHO WILL HELP?

You have all heard of the efforts being made by the members of the Red Cross Society of the United States and of their insolent refusal of admittance by the Sultan. But this is not the only avenue of aid. While governments stand still, individuals may move. The very best way to administer help is to send the money direct to the missionaries on the spot. This many readers of the 'Messenger' will wish to do, and the publishers of the 'Messenger' are in a position to help them. All persons wishing to aid their suffering brothers and sisters in Armenia may send the money direct to us, and we will forward it at once. The money is telegraphed to Constantinople, and goes to a central distributing committee there, of which Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador, is a member. Do not hesitate to send even the smallest sum.

TEN CENTS A WEEK WILL KEEP AN UNFORTUNATE FROM STARVATION.

Send your money at once. Address it to the

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THE PURPLE EAST.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

(By Cable to the New York 'Times.')

STARVING ARMENIA.

Open your hearts, ye clothed from head to feet,
Ye housed and whole who listen to the cry
Of them that not yet slain and mangled lie,
Only despoiled of all that made life sweet—
Only left bare to snow and wind and sleet,
And roofless to the inhospitable sky;
Give them of your abundance, lest they die,
And famine make this mighty woe complete.
And lest it truly, as your creed aver,
A day of reckoning come, it be your lot,
To hear the voice of the uprisen dead:
'We were the naked whom ye covered not,
The sick to whom ye did not minister,
And the unhungered whom ye gave not bread.'

WILLIAM WATSON.

A STATESMAN'S OPINION.

If I could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England * * * we should see our taxes reduced by millions sterling; * * * our jails and workhouses empty; * * * more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century by bitter and savage war. It is moderate drinking that produces the drink craze and that rouses it where it is inherited, and the drink slays at least 60,000 of our fellow beings yearly in the United Kingdom, not to speak of other evils that result from its use.—Jos. Chamberlain.

A B C FOR TEMPERANCE NURSERY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

O For Old Rye, a wicked stuff,
We'll pour it in the drain;
It makes a man so cross and gruff.
And fills him full of pain.

Old men, who are good and wise and kind, can tell the boys and girls what they should do to be good and happy. Every one loves a good old man. But is not a drunken old man a sad sight?

P Is for Porter, which may take
To Poorhouse folks that use it;
So, little man, keep wide awake,
And for your drink don't choose it.

'Put a knife to thy throat,' said the wise Solomon, 'if thou be a man given to appetite.' He meant that there is nothing worse than for a person to be greedy and drunken.

DIPSOMANIA.

A recent writer classifies all inebriates under three heads. The first class embraces what are known as steady drinkers—not often intoxicated, but always more or less under the influence of liquor. Persons of this class sooner or later show symptoms of losing their minds.

To the second class belong the periodical drinkers—those in whom the paroxysm ends as suddenly as it begins, only to recur after a certain interval. These cases are apt to develop epileptical and corresponding symptoms of an unsettled brain, although for some time this change may not be apparent. In fact, in the intervals between successive explosions the brain may even seem to be stimulated to greater activity.

The members of the third class are termed by the writer 'dipsomaniacs,' and are to be considered as insane. The mania for drink is simply that predominance of one idea which is so often exhibited in the insane, and which is itself subject to change.

It is these dipsomaniacs to whom our attention is especially drawn, and against whom we are particularly warned.

The 'steady drinker' carries the marks of dissipation upon his countenance, and is to be distrusted and avoided in proportion as his habit has a greater or less hold upon him. He gives to those around him due notice of his 'tendencies,' and property and the comfort of others can be guarded against destruction.

But with dipsomaniacs, as with other insane people, 'there is method in their madness.' Religio-maniacs and enthusiasts of every description are to be seen in this class. They may be rated in the community as persons of ability and judgment. Medical examination may even pronounce them sane and responsible; but it is only a question of time when the crash will come.

All classes of inebriates are to be regarded with suspicion; in positions of trust and responsibility they are to be considered dangerous.

Each paroxysm of drink is destructive to the brain centres. The ability to reason clearly is constantly being diminished.

There should be no hesitation in acting upon a recognition of mania for drink. The time is certain to come when the person will conduct himself in a weak and morbid manner. His actions are to be always regarded as suspicious.

Dementia, paralysis, active mania and epilepsy are in store for him.—'Youth's Companion.'

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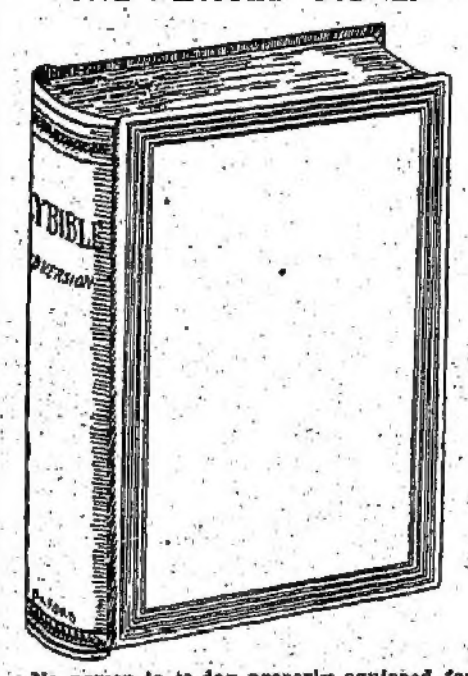

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